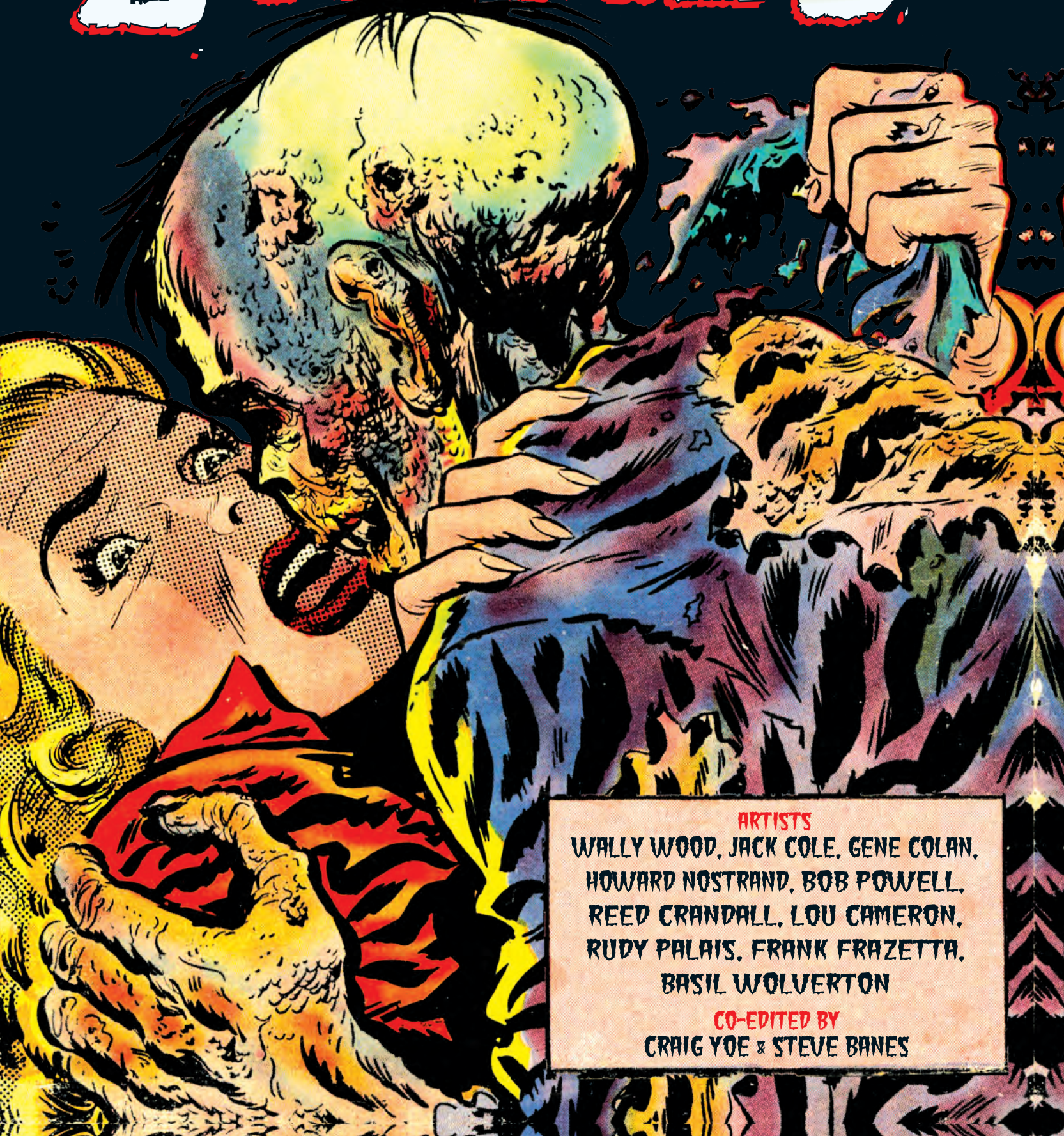


THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

# ZOMBIES



**ARTISTS**

WALLY WOOD, JACK COLE, GENE COLAN,  
HOWARD NOSTRAND, BOB POWELL,  
REED CRANDALL, LOU CAMERON,  
RUDY PALAIS, FRANK FRAZETTA,  
BASIL WOLVERTON

**CO-EDITED BY**

CRAIG YOE & STEVE BANES



**THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™**

# **ZOMBIES**



CO-EDITED BY

**CRAIG YOE & STEVE BANES**

PRODUCED BY

**CLIZIA GUSSONI**



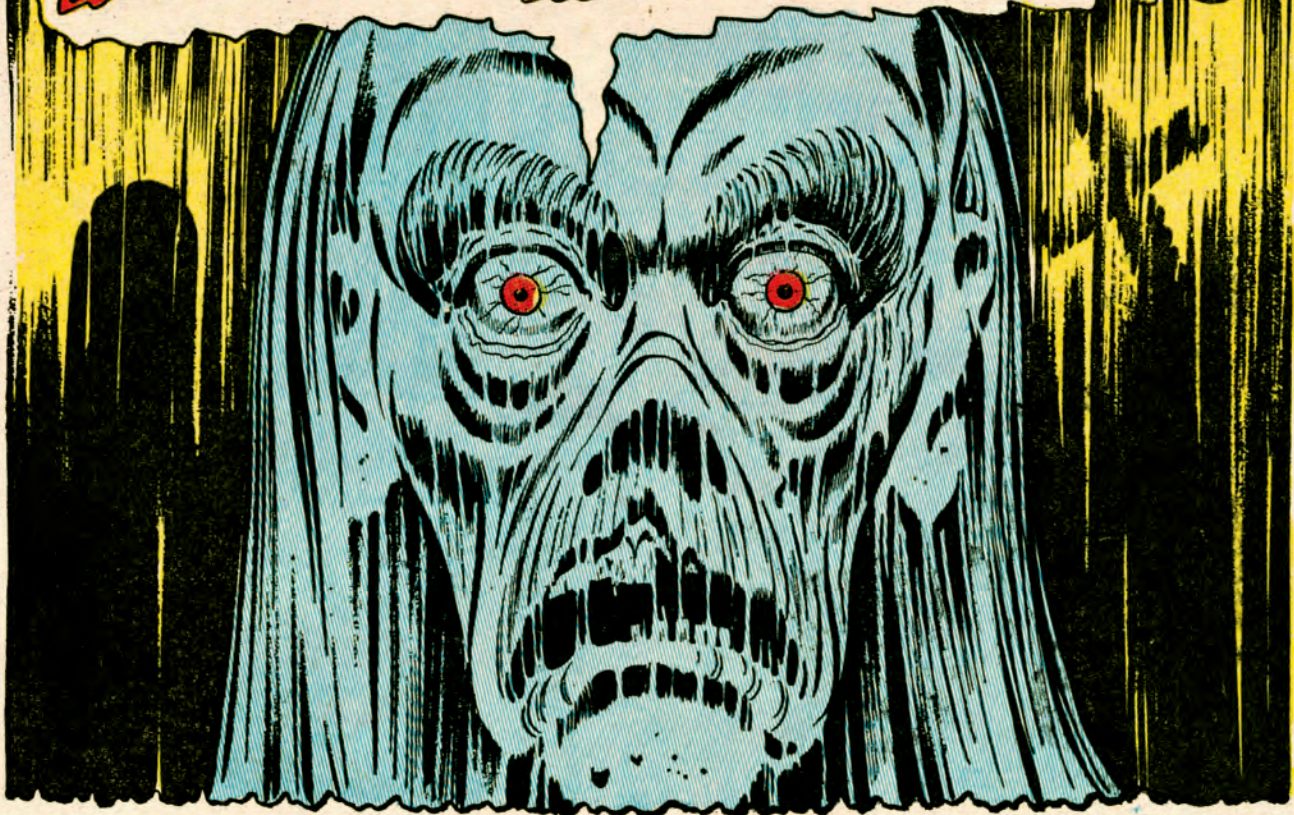
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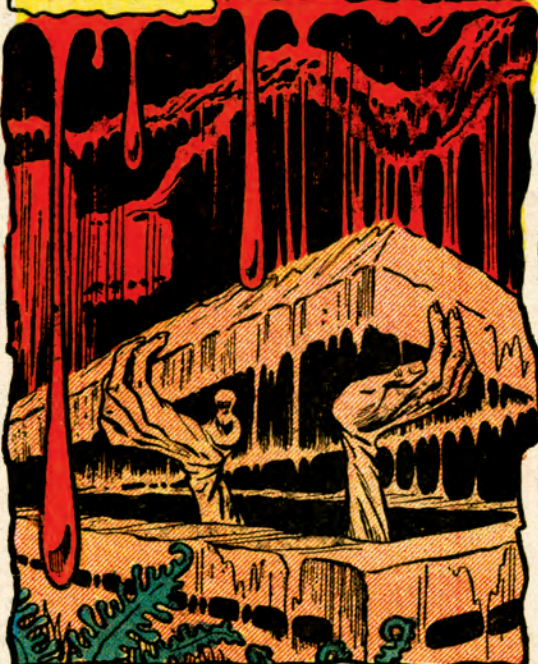


**I** AM CALLED... **MORTO!** IN THE ZOMBIE HORDE TO WHICH I AM DOOMED FOR ALL ETERNITY, I AM AS YET A NOVICE ---MY TASKS ARE THE MOST MENIAL AND GRISLY WHICH CAN BE FOUND! THOUGH I LOATHE WHAT I AM AND WHAT I MUST DO, I CANNOT REBEL, FOR I HAVE **NO WILL!** I CAN ONLY **OBEY, FOR---**

# I AM A ZOMBIE!



**W**ITH EACH MIDNIGHT, I RISE FROM MY LONELY GRAVE---



---TO JOIN MY ZOMBIE BROTHERS BEFORE THE THRONE OF THE MASTER!

**HEAR ME, DOOMED ONES! EACH OF YOU WILL NOW LEARN YOUR DUTIES FOR THE NIGHT!**



**A**T LAST, MY TURN---

YOUR TASK IS SIMPLE, MORTO! NOT FAR FROM HERE, ON THE EDGE OF THE BAYOU, LIVES A YOUNG, CONNING WOMAN! IN RETURN FOR A CERTAIN POTION WHICH WOULD WIN HER LOVER, SHE WAS TO DELIVER TO ME JEWELS AND GOLD! SHE HAS BROKEN THE PACT---THEREFORE, SHE MUST PAY THE PENALTY!





FOR A MOMENT...SOMETHING IN ME HESITATED! THEN, THE STERN COMMAND...

OBEY ME, MORTO... GO!

I OBEY... MASTER...



AT A LONELY SHACK ON THE EDGE OF THE BAYOU...

SHE IS...SO YOUNG...SO BEAUTIFUL! BUT I MUST... OBEY THE MASTER...



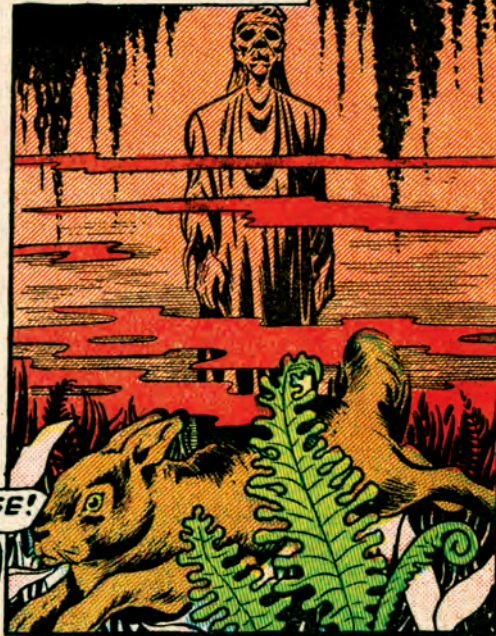
SILENTLY, I ENTERED! AT THE SUDDEN SIGHT OF ME, HER PRETTY FACE BECAME A MASK OF FEAR AND HORROR...SOMETHING I HAVE COME TO KNOW SO WELL...

COME! THE MASTER HAS SENT ME!

NO...PLEASE! I'LL PAY THE JEWELS AND GOLD...BUT I MUST HAVE TIME!



AND SO I WENT...PLODDING THROUGH THE DARK, SILENT SWAMPS...A THING OF HORROR EVEN TO THE ANIMALS WHICH SCURRIED, TERRIFIED, OUT OF MY PATH!



I WANTED TO HELP HER...BUT HOW COULD I, WITHOUT WILL?

COME!

OH-HH!



WHEN I HAD CARRIED MY UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN BACK TO THE HORDE...

WELL DONE, MORTO! REVIVE HER, AND THEN...THE RITES!



HOW WELL I KNEW THEM, THOSE UNHOLY RITES...WHEN THE MASTER CLAIMED A NEW VICTIM! WHEN THE POTION HAD BEEN PREPARED...

DRINK IT, MY BEAUTY...DRINK!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!







**B**UT WHAT WAS HER PUNY STRENGTH AGAINST OURS?  
 AAGH! IT BURNS... LIKE FIRE!  
 THE PRICE... IS PAID!



YOU ARE ONE OF US NOW... A ZOMBIE! YOU CAN ONLY OBEY MY EVERY WISH!  
 I OBEY... MASTER...  
 THE ONLY REST I KNOW IS WHEN THE DAWN COMES AND I MUST RETURN TO MY DANK GRAVE! LOOK UPON MY TOMBSTONE... PERHAPS YOU RECOGNIZE THE NAME! IT WAS WELL KNOWN AT ONE TIME... VERY WELL KNOWN! BUT LET ME TELL YOU MY STORY... FROM THE **BEGINNING!**



**M**Y METHODS WERE HARD... I GAVE NO QUARTER AND I ASKED NONE! PITY WAS UNKNOWN TO ME... THEN!



THE FOREMAN OF THE LOUISIANA SECTION IS HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR!  
 HERE? BUT HE SHOULD BE DOWN THERE SUPERVISING THE WORK! **SHOW HIM IN!**



I KNOW WE'VE GOT THE **LEGAL** RIGHTS TO THE AREA, MR. HANKS... BUT THE FOLKS WHO LIVE IN THE BAYOU WON'T GET OUT PEACEABLY! THEY'VE LIVED THERE FOR GENERATIONS... AND THEY'RE DEFENDING THEIR HOMES WITH **GUNS!**  
 THEN WE'LL DRIVE THEM OUT WITH GUNS! YOU'RE FIRED, CALHOUN... I'LL TAKE OVER MYSELF!

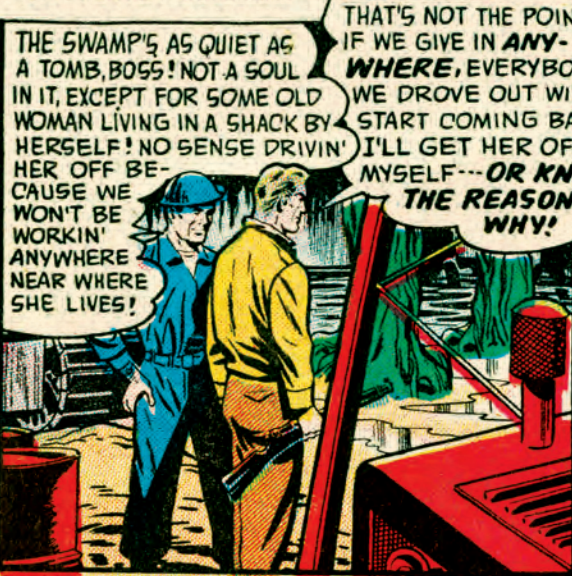


**I**N THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS WHERE MY PROSPECTORS HAD FOUND OIL...  
 WE CAN'T PUSH AHEAD, SIR... EVERY TIME WE ADVANCE WE DRAW FIRE!  
 PASS OUT RIFLES AND PISTOLS! WE'RE GOING IN... AND EVERYBODY THAT FOLLOWS ME DRAWS TRIPLE PAY! I'M NOT STOPPING FOR A PACK OF SWAMP BEGGARS!





AS I FIGURED, THE BAYOU WAS SOON CLEARED OUT! AS THE WORK BEGAN---



THE OLD WOMAN, CALLED MOTHER HARANA, LIVED IN A REMOTE SPOT---





**T**HERE WAS A HIDEOUS RATTLE IN HER THROAT  
...AND HER STRUGGLES ABRUPTLY CEASED!

HOLY SMOKE! SHE'S DEAD!  
WELL, SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T  
HAVE MUCH LONGER ANYHOW  
...BUT I-I'LL SEE TO IT SHE  
GETS A DECENT BURIAL!



**B**UT AN OLD GRAVEYARD IN THE HEART OF THE BAYOU...

LONG HAS MOTHER HARANA  
LIVED! IT IS FITTING THAT A  
FEW WORDS BE SAID  
OVER HER TOMB!

SURE, SURE... BUT GET  
IT OVER WITH! THIS  
JOINT GIVES ME  
THE CREEPS!



**W**E SLEPT IN THE  
OPEN THAT NIGHT,  
RIGHT ON THE EDGE  
OF THE BAYOU! FUNNY,  
IT WAS CALLED **DEATH  
WAIL BAYOU**...  
AND THE WHOLE  
AREA WAS BEGIN-  
NING TO WEAR ON  
MY NERVES...

I ... CAN'T SLEEP! MAYBE IT WAS  
THAT GRAVEYARD... I CAN'T GET  
IT OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT  
A HORRIBLE PLACE...



**U**ST AS I DOZED OFF,  
THERE WAS A MANIACAL  
SHRIEK OF TERROR!

LOOK! LOOK!  
IT'S... IT'S...



**N**EXT MOMENT, A SOUL-  
CHILLING SIGHT! WE  
WERE SURROUNDED...  
BY WALKING DEAD  
MEN!

SEIZE  
THEM!

GRAB YOUR  
GUNS, MEN!  
FIGHT 'EM  
OFF!



**B**UT WHAT GOOD WERE WEAPONS... AGAINST THE  
DEAD?

PUT ME  
DOWN!  
HELP!

BULLETS DON'T  
STOP 'EM! WE'RE  
DONE FOR!





**GRISLY ARMS SEIZED US...AND THEN...**

FOOLS, YOU ALL DESERVE **DEATH!** BUT I SHALL **SPARE** YOU! GO AND SAY THAT THERE IS **NO OIL** HERE...SO THAT **WE** MAY BE LEFT IN PEACE! SPEAK NO WORD OF WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT...FOR HE WHO DOES WILL **DIE**...NO MATTER WHERE HE IS! UNHAND THEM, MY SLAVES!



YOU HEARD THE ORDER! **LET ME GO!**

NO, ROGER HANKS! **YOU MUST STAY!**



**MEN! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T!**

SORRY, BOSS...IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF NOW! **YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND THAT!**



TO THE **GRAVEYARD** WITH HIM! AND THEN...**THE RITES!**

**NO! NO! DON'T TAKE ME! DON'T!**



HERE WE ARE, ROGER HANKS! YOUR NEW HOME...**FOR ETERNITY!**

**NO... SPARE ME!**



YOUR PLEAS ARE FUTILE! IT HAS BEEN **ORDAINED! LOOK!**

MY NAME... ON THE **TOMB-STONE!**



AND NOW...THE **POTION!** IT IS AN **OLD** FORMULA, ROGER HANKS...**VERY OLD!** AN ADDER'S TONGUE, AN ASP'S FANGS, MANDRAKE ROOT AND BELLADONNA...

**I'LL PAY ANYTHING...MILLIONS! LET ME GO... PLEASE!**



**IT IS DONE! AND NOW... DRINK!**

**I WON'T! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!**







YOU **WILL** DRINK, ROGER HANKS---RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!



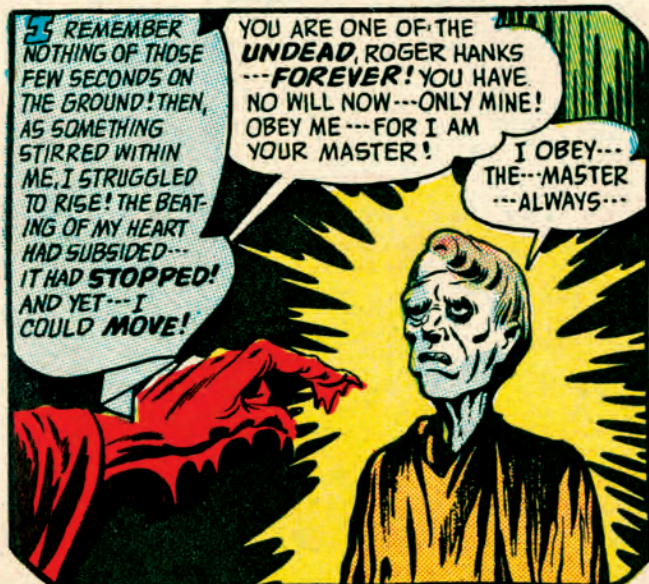
MY THROAT  
...LIKE FIRE...



**MY** HEART THUMPED WILDLY---LOUDER AND LOUDER---AS IF TO BURST! MY SENSES REELED---AND THEN---

YAAAGH!

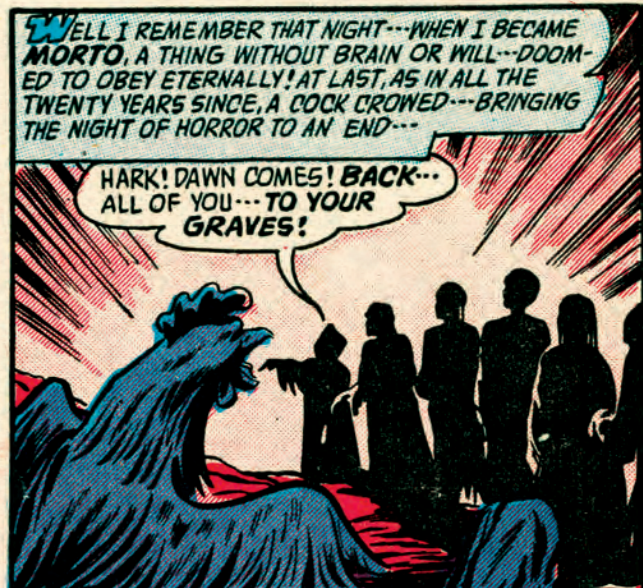
IT IS DONE!



**I** REMEMBER NOTHING OF THOSE FEW SECONDS ON THE GROUND! THEN, AS SOMETHING STIRRED WITHIN ME, I STRUGGLED TO RISE! THE BEATING OF MY HEART HAD SUBSIDED---IT HAD STOPPED! AND YET---I COULD MOVE!

YOU ARE ONE OF THE **UNDEAD**, ROGER HANKS---**FOREVER!** YOU HAVE NO WILL NOW---ONLY MINE! OBEY ME---FOR I AM YOUR MASTER!

I OBEY---  
THE---MASTER  
---ALWAYS---



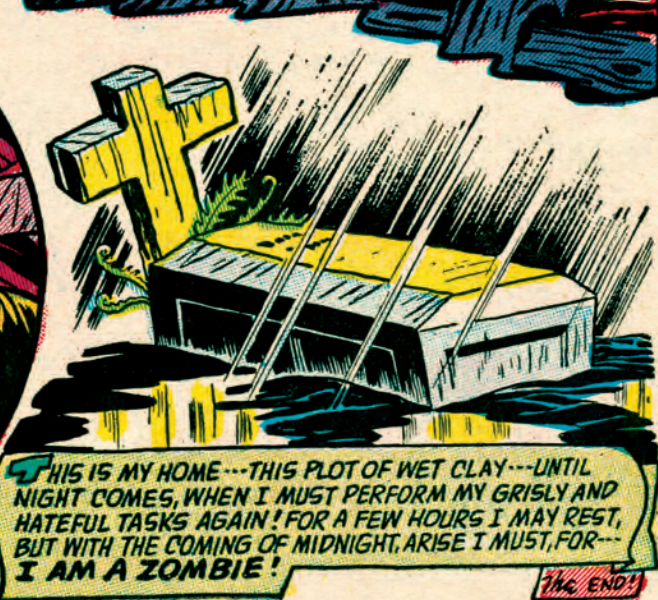
**W**ELL I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT---WHEN I BECAME **MORTO**, A THING WITHOUT BRAIN OR WILL---DOOMED TO OBEY ETERNALLY! AT LAST, AS IN ALL THE TWENTY YEARS SINCE, A COCK CROWED---BRINGING THE NIGHT OF HORROR TO AN END---

HARK! DAWN COMES! **BACK---**  
ALL OF YOU---TO YOUR GRAVES!



THIS IS YOUR FATE---FOR OPPOSING ME! **DESCEND!**

I OBEY, MOTHER HARANA---  
**MASTER---**



**T**HIS IS MY HOME---THIS PLOT OF WET CLAY---UNTIL NIGHT COMES, WHEN I MUST PERFORM MY GRISLY AND HATEFUL TASKS AGAIN! FOR A FEW HOURS I MAY REST, BUT WITH THE COMING OF MIDNIGHT, ARISE I MUST, FOR---  
**I AM A ZOMBIE!**

1.

**THE END!**



# ZOMBIES

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THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™



FORELOCK the WARLOCK

# HAUNTED HORROR™

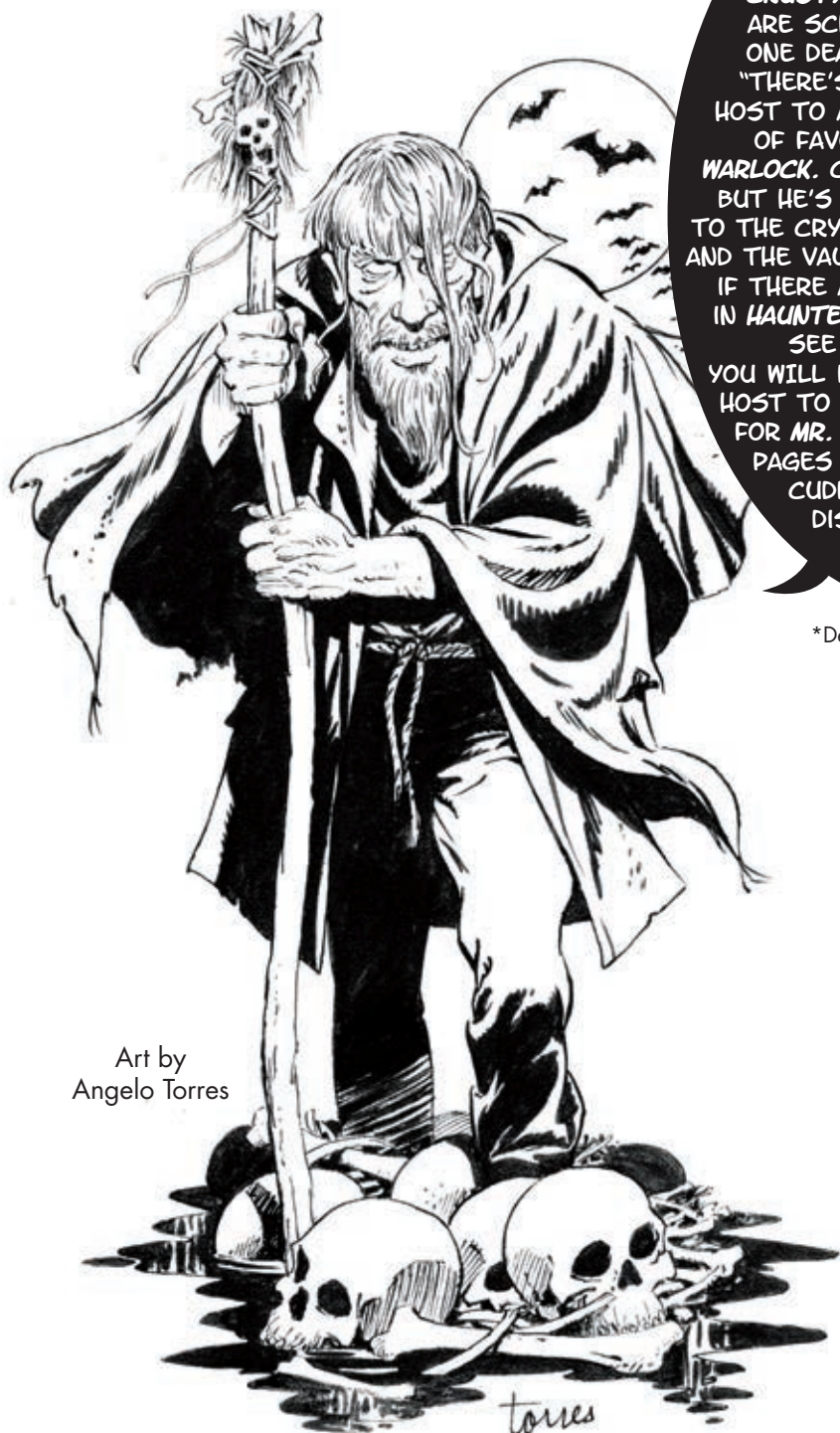
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# FORELOCK THE WARLOCK



Art by  
Angelo Torres

MY NEW FUNNY BOOK IS A FEARSOME HIT WITH YOU, FIENDISH FANS! EVEN THE CRUSTY CURMUDGEON CRITICS ARE SCREAMING WITH DELIGHT! ONE DEATH-RATTLER RATTLES, "THERE'S A BRAND-NEW SPECIAL HOST TO ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION OF FAVORITES: FORELOCK THE WARLOCK. CUTE AND CUDDLY HE AIN'T, BUT HE'S A FANTASTIC HOLLA-BACK TO THE CRYPT KEEPER, THE OLD WITCH, AND THE VAULT-KEEPER. TIME WILL TELL IF THERE ARE MORE STORYTELLERS IN HAUNTED HORROR... IF WE LIVE TO SEE 'EM! BWAAHAHAHAH!"\* YOU WILL INDEED SEE A NEW HORROR HOST TO KEEP ME COMPANY... LOOK FOR MR. KARSWELL IN THE PULPY PAGES AHEAD. HE'S CUTE AND CUDDLY IN A GRUESOME, DISGUSTING, PUTRID SORT OF WAY!

\*Denise Kitashima Dutton,  
Geekfore.com



Look for the third  
spine-tingling issue of  
*Haunted Horror*  
in two months!

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**Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.**

**Contributing Editors: Mike Howlett and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.**

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# DOOMSMOKE



**T**HE SKULL-PIPE WAS A HORRIFYING CURIO... CERTAINLY NOT ONE TO USE VIOLENCE TO GET. BUT IRA KRIM STOPPED AT NOTHING. HE COLLECTED STRANGE PIPES AS A HOBBY. HE WAS OBSESSED WITH THEM AND HE WANTED THIS ONE BADLY ENOUGH TO COMMIT VIOLENCE. SO HE LAUGHED OFF THE OLD CRONE'S WARNING AS A PIPE DREAM-- UNTIL IT TURNED INTO A MACABRE, NIGHTMARISH REALITY. . .

HMMMM! WHAT STRANGE OBJECTS! THIS IS THE SORT OF PLACE A MAN MIGHT FIND THE ONE-IN-A-MILLION PIPE EVERY COLLECTOR DREAMS ABOUT! MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



HOPEFULLY, IRA KRIM WENT INSIDE . . .



GOOD EVENING! I'M MADAME GRAZZA, THE PROPRIETRESS. CAN I HELP YOU?

I'LL BET SHE KEEPS HER BEST ONES HIDDEN.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THE LINE OF STRANGE PIPES?





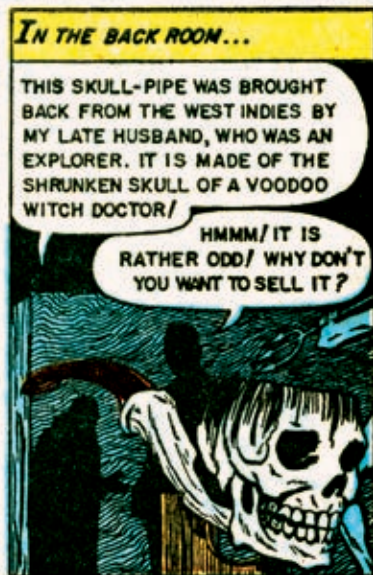
JUST WHAT YOU SEE IN THAT RACK, SIR!

BAH! THEY'RE THE KIND ALL COLLECTORS HAVE / I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING REALLY UNIQUE ... THE KIND YOU DON'T SHOW TO ORDINARY CUSTOMERS!



I SEE YOU HAVE REAL APPRECIATION / I HAVE SOMETHING HERE YOU'D ENJOY JUST LOOKING AT. BUT IT'S NOT FOR SALE!

WHAT A BUILDUP TO SUCKER ME INTO OFFERING A HIGH PRICE / BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO LOSE IN LOOKING AT IT!



**IN THE BACK ROOM...**

THIS SKULL-PIPE WAS BROUGHT BACK FROM THE WEST INDIES BY MY LATE HUSBAND, WHO WAS AN EXPLORER. IT IS MADE OF THE SHRUNKEN SKULL OF A VOODOO WITCH DOCTOR!

HMMM / IT IS RATHER ODD / WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO SELL IT?



THE PIPE HAS STRANGE AND MYSTIC POWERS WHICH MIGHT BE USED FOR EVIL PURPOSES IF IT GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS / MY HUSBAND'S DYING COMMAND WAS NOT TO EVER LET IT GET OUT OF MY POSSESSION / NOW I MUST PUT IT BACK ON THE SHELF UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF ITS GUARDIAN DEMONS!



WHAT A BUNCH OF INSANE RUBBISH! BUT THE PIPE IS A RARE CURIO / I MUST HAVE IT FOR MY COLLECTION!

I RARELY SHOW THE PIPE, BUT YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE YOUNG MAN AND SUCH A REALLY AVID COLLECTOR THAT I KNEW YOU'D ENJOY SEEING THE PIECE EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN'T OWN IT!

**CONFIDENT THAT HE COULD BUY THE PIPE FOR THE RIGHT PRICE, IRA KRIM RAISED HIS BIDS HIGHER AND HIGHER, UNTIL...**



FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, THEN / THAT'S MY FINAL OFFER / I MUST HAVE THAT PIPE FOR MY COLLECTION / NOW STOP YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS BLABBERING AND WRAP IT UP!

NO / I-TOLD YOU I CANNOT SELL IT / GET OUT OF MY SHOP / LEAVE ME ALONE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU BLASTED OLD FOOL / I GAVE YOU EVERY CHANCE FOR A FAIR DEAL / NOW I'LL TAKE THE THING / OUT OF MY WAY!





CAUTIOUSLY, IRA KRIM REACHED FOR THE STRANGE PIPE . . .



A LITTLE LATER, AT HOME IN HIS OWN DEN . . .



THE SMOKE VISION GREW AND GREW UNTIL IT SEEMED TO IRA KRIM TO FILL THE WHOLE ROOM . . .





THE NEXT THING IRA KRIM KNEW, HE HAD FALLEN TO THE FLOOR, WAS DIZZILY TRYING TO RISE...



AND WHAT A RIDICULOUS DREAM! MURDERING MY LOVELY WIFE WOULD BE LIKE KILLING THE-GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG! HA-HA! WHAT LUDICROUS TRICKS THE HUMAN MIND WILL PLAY!



HE HAD NOT HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH...

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, IRA? I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU IN SUCH A JOVIAL MOOD. PERHAPS IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU TO TAKE THE BAD NEWS I'M ABOUT TO GIVE YOU!

BAD NEWS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, DARLING?



WE'RE FINISHED, IRA! FOR WEEKS NOW MY DETECTIVES HAVE GATHERED EVIDENCE OF YOUR GAMBLING AWAY MY MONEY, EVEN FORGING MY NAME TO CHECKS, ENTERTAINING OTHER WOMEN! I'M THROUGH BEING DUPED. I'M DIVORCING YOU AT ONCE! TRY TO STOP ME AND I'LL PROSECUTE YOU ON THE FORGERY CHARGES!



BADLY SHAKEN, KRIM PLEADED FOR ANOTHER CHANCE...

BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, ARLEEN! I HAVE DEBTS AND NO JOB! YOU'RE LEAVING ME STRANDED, DESTITUTE...

LET ME GO, IRA! MY LAWYER'S WAITING DOWN-STAIRS AND I TOLD HIM IF I DIDN'T COME DOWN IN A FEW MINUTES—



BUT A MANIACAL RAGE POSSESSED IRA KRIM AND BEFORE ARLEEN FINISHED THE SENTENCE, HIS HANDS CLAWED TOWARD HER THROAT...



AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STRUCK, THE MURDEROUS RAGE FELL AWAY FROM HIM...





AS PANIC WRENCHED AT HIS BRAIN, IRA KRIM'S EYES SEEMED TO BE DRAWN TOWARD THE MYSTIC PIPE...

IT-IT FORETOLD THE FUTURE! IF IT DID IT ONCE, PERHAPS IT CAN DO IT AGAIN... AND NOW THAT I KNOW, ONCE I SEE WHAT IS FORECAST I CAN AT LEAST MAKE AN EFFORT TO AVOID IT, IF IT'S BAD!



KRIM LIT THE PIPE AND ONCE AGAIN A VISION APPEARED, AS FAINTNESS AND NAUSEA SWEEPED OVER HIM...

RATS! I-I'M BEING ATTACKED BY VICIOUS RATS! HOW AWFUL... AND INCREDIBLE!



AND ONCE AGAIN THE VISION FADED AND KRIM FOUND HIMSELF PRONE ON THE FLOOR. BUT THIS TIME...

OPEN UP, KRIM! THIS IS ARLENE'S LAWYER AND I HAVE AN OFFICER WITH ME! SHE WAS AFRAID OF YOUR VIOLENT TEMPER AND SHE SAID IF SHE DIDN'T COME DOWN IN TEN MINUTES, I WAS TO COME UP AND INVESTIGATE!

KNOCK KNOCK



BUT KRIM DECIDED NOT TO FACE THE LAW...

I'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY, KRIM! IF YOU'VE HURT ARLEEN I'LL-- THERE HE GOES, OFFICER! STOP HIM!



OUTSIDE, KRIM FRANTICALLY SOUGHT A MEANS OF ESCAPE...

ONCE THEY EMERGE FROM THAT ALLEY ONTO THE STREET, THEY'LL SPOT ME! I'VE GOT TO HIDE! THEY WON'T THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME DOWN HERE!



IN THE DANK DARKNESS OF THE SEWER KRIM RESTED WHILE PURSUIT PASSED HIM BY. FINALLY...

I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE FIFTEEN MINUTES NOW! IT SHOULD BE SAFE. TO LEAVE! BUT I'D BETTER LIGHT A MATCH SO I WON'T BREAK MY NECK CLIMBING THE LADDER! I--- EEEYIIIAAAAH!



I FORGOT ABOUT THE SECOND VISION! IT'S COME TRUE! ARRRRRH!





**A FEW MOMENTS LATER, KRIM'S SCREAMS ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF A PASSERBY**

THANKS FOR COMING TO MY RESCUE, MISTER! WHEN YOU CLANGED OPEN THE COVER IT SCARED OFF THE RATS!

GLAD TO HELP, FELLA, BUT WHAT IN THE DICKENS WERE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?



IT'S A LONG STORY! CAN'T STOP TO TELL IT NOW!... TAXI!!!

OKAY, MAC!



**TEMPORARILY SAFE IN THE CAB, KRIM FOUND THAT HE'D THRUST THE SKULL PIPE INTO HIS JACKET POCKET BEFORE FLEEING THE APARTMENT. NOW...**

THE VISIONS OF THE FUTURE HAVE BEEN INFALLIBLE SO FAR! I'VE GOT TO LEARN WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT... AND THIS TIME STAY ON GUARD AGAINST IT!



PERHAPS YOU'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH FOR STEALING OUR PIPE OF THE FRIGHTENING FORECASTS! RETURN IT IMMEDIATELY TO MADAME GRAZZA AND OUR VOODOO POWERS WILL PROTECT YOU FROM THE POLICE! DISOBEY US AND THIS IS YOUR FATE...



**THE VISION OF THE VOODOO DEMONS FADED THEN, AND IN THEIR PLACE, KRIM SAW...**



**A FEW MINUTES LATER**

WHAT A SCREWBALL! PASSES OUT FROM SMOKIN' THAT SMELLY, CRAZY-LOOKIN' PIPE... AND THEN WHEN I REVIVE HIM HE'S IN A BIG RUSH TO REACH THIS SCREWY LITTLE SHOP!



GOOD LORD, SHE MUST BE COUNTING HER LIFE SAVINGS! THERE'S A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DOLLARS ON THAT DESK!

AH, YOUNG MAN, I SEE YOU'VE DECIDED TO RETURN THE PIPE! THE GUARDIAN DEMONS INFORMED ME THAT YOU WOULD!







YES, THAT WAS WHAT I HAD IN MIND WHEN I CAME HERE!



BUT THE SIGHT OF ALL THAT MONEY GIVES ME ANOTHER IDEA! I NEED CASH—QUICK CASH— TO COMPLETE MY ESCAPE! SO THIS IS THE WAY YOU GET THE PIPE BACK!

UGGGH!



THE PIPE CRUMBLLED TO POWDERED DUST—AND FROM IT ANOTHER VISION IS FORMED! IT SAYS...



BUT THIS ONE WAS WRONG! AND SO WAS THE ONE BEFORE IT, EVEN IF I DO GET CAUGHT I CAN'T BE ELECTROCUTED. THE DEATH PENALTY IN THIS STATE IS THE GAS CHAMBER! SO THE VISIONS WERE NOT INFALLIBLE! HA HA!



BUT IN HIS HASTE TO LEAVE, KRIM DIDN'T SEE THE TINY WOODEN FIGURE OF ONE OF THE GUARDIAN DEMONS ON THE FLOOR. IT THREW HIM OFF BALANCE.

ANYHOW, THE MYSTIC PIPE IS SMASHED NOW! IT CAN HAVE NO MORE POWER OVER ME! IT--- WHOOPS! W-WHAT...?



FLAILING WILDLY TO KEEP FROM FALLING TOO HARD, KRIM'S SWEAT-WET HAND CLUTCHED AT THE FRAYED LAMP WIRE...



... AND THUS THE LAST OF THE FRIGHTENING FORECASTS CAME TRUE DESPITE THE DECREE OF HUMAN LAWS...

THE END



THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™



FORELOCK the WARLOCK



MADAM CLIZIA



MR. KARSWELL

# HAUNTED HORROR™

BANNED  
COMICS  
FROM THE  
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INTRODUCTION BY  
**JERRY ONLY**  
FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE

# MISFITS®



**THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™**

# HAUNTED HORROR™



EDITED BY

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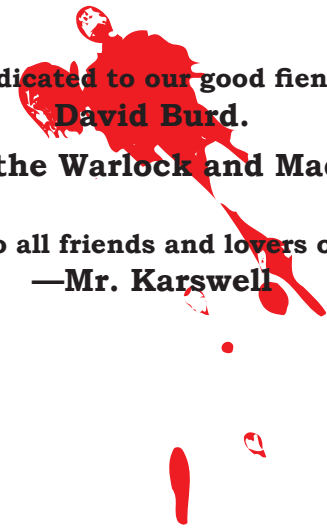
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**Dedicated to our good fiend  
David Burd.  
—Forelock the Warlock and Madam Clizia**

**Dedicated to all friends and lovers of THOIA.  
—Mr. Karswell**

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*Haunted Horror* Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe. Contributing Editors: Mike Howlett and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.

Our fervent appreciation to Jerry Only, the Misfits, and their incredible music, which was the soundtrack while we were producing this book.

Special thanks to John Cafiero his kindness, help, and enthusiasm.

Our deepest gratitude to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Tillmann Courth, Dave Burd, Bill Leach, Dave O'Dell, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr.

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Haunted Horror logo and Mr. Karswell art by Art Fuentes.

Forelock the Warlock art by Angelo Torres.

Madam Clizia art by Drazen Kozjan, <http://happyundertaker.blogspot.com>.

Identifying artists of the Golden Age is a fascinating but very difficult pursuit. We do our best and we welcome your input. —C.Y.

The cover illustration is from *Chamber of Chills Magazine* #19, September 1953.

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Photo by Mick Rock, © 2011 Used Under License. All Rights Reserved

he unearthed “forbidden” images lurking in these pages haunted my childhood, and not unlike the *Mars Attacks* cards which my mother destroyed, helped propel me into the “gorrific” monster I’ve become. These banished comics are in once again and, as Rod Serling would say, “submitted for your approval.”

The image on the cover of this bone-chilling book originally appeared on 1953’s *Chamber of Chills* #19. Decades later it became iconic all over the world for inspiring the sleeve art of the Misfits’ 12-inch *Die Die My Darling*, a song that is now considered a punk classic.

Comics allure the imagination and raise the blood pressure as fear finds a home. Enjoy this rare collection of *Haunted Horror*, which includes a reprinting of the original *Chamber of Chills* #19 from the year 1953, the height of the B-film era!

I hereby reopen the vault.

—Jerry Only





We love comic books, the kind you can fold and put in your back pocket, take to camp, or squirrel away in a treehouse. We especially love pre-Code horror comics you can take under the covers and read with a flashlight and scare the shinola out of you just before you drift off into the world of nightmares. So we love producing the *Haunted Horror* comic books and are deeply gratified that they have become a big hit with comic book fans. It is with a little fear that we collect our first issues into a hardback book. Is it too classy for our low-brow pulp stories? We have assuaged our fears by adding some bonuses: the original art to a great horror comic book story by Warren Kremer, an amazing four-pager drawn by Rudy Palais, and... the intro you just read by Jerry Only of the Misfits.



**ABOVE, TOP** Artist/Editor *extraordinaire* Warren Kremer. Date unknown.

**ABOVE** Publisher Alfred Harvey, left, with Lee Elias perusing a copy of *Black Cat*, 1947.

**OPPOSITE PAGE** Warren Kremer's concept sketch for the cover of *Chamber of Chills Magazine* #19 that he sent to Lee Elias to do the finished artwork.

**OVERLEAF** Kremer's notes to Elias urging him to give it the "full treatment!"



The Misfits love horror comics just like all of us. And the connection here especially fits because Warren Kremer/Lee Elias's brilliant cover of *Chamber of Chills Magazine* #19 (September 1953) inspired the Misfits' cover art for a three song 12" vinyl EP released in the early 1980s. It's one of the most fantastic horror comic book covers, actually one of the best comic book covers ever by any definition. We're thrilled to print Kremer's original beautiful full color sketch and notes!

Warren Kremer is much better known for horror fare for the kiddies, i.e. Casper the Friendly Ghost, the Ghostly Trio, that devilish Hot Stuff the Little Devil, and the other Harvey characters like Stumbo, Little Audrey, etc. But he was a highly skilled realistic artist, too, and an art director at Harvey Comics for decades on both their humor and horror titles. He often used British-born Lee Elias to do the finishes on his cover concepts for the horror books. Elias had a great moody dark style for horror and his lush inking was informed by that of Milton Caniff's.

1950s horror comics, punk rock, raucous rarities—we think you'll find the goods between the book covers, read under the bed covers. It's so good, it's scary!

—Clizia Gussoni (Madam Clizia to you)  
Steve Banes (Karswell, if you please)  
and Craig Yoe (Forelock the Warlock, yo!)



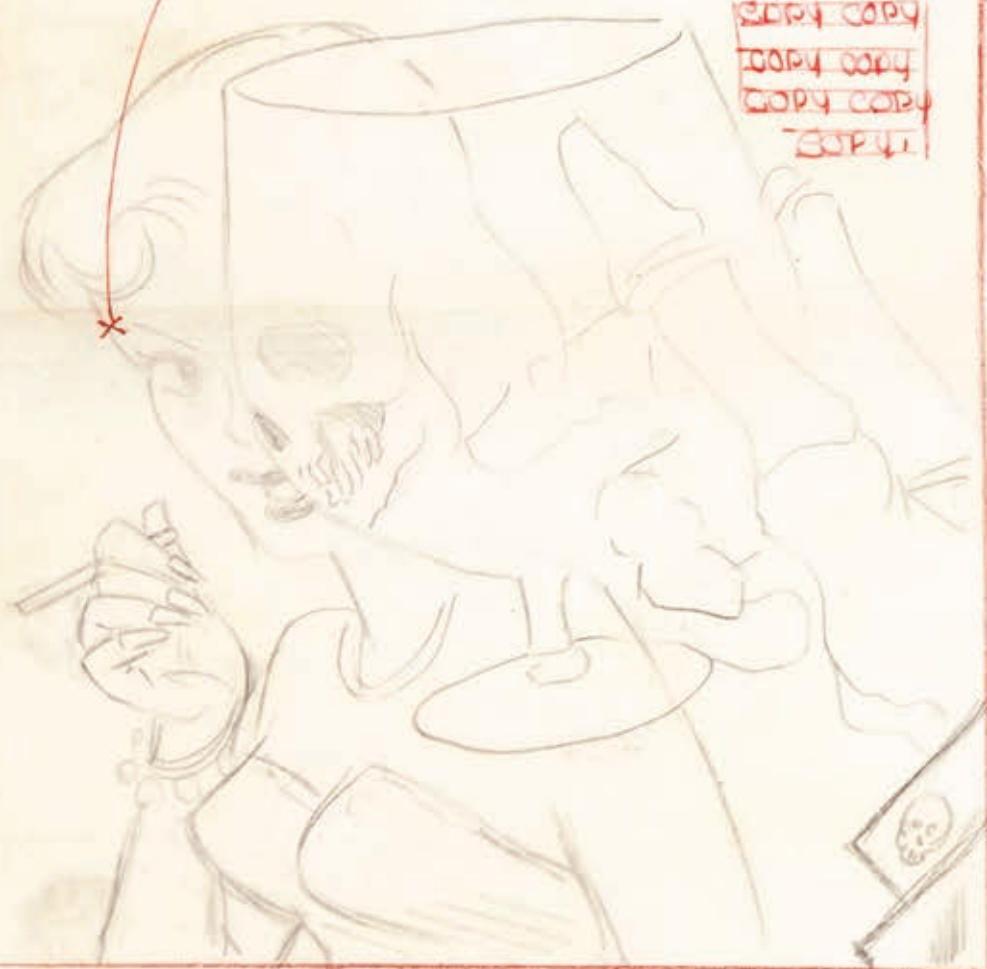
SEPT CHILLS-





# REVERSE

LEE - CLEAR HEAD FROM GLASS  
 A LITTLE MORE AS ON OVERLAY  
 SO WE CAN GET MORE NOSE  
 + MOUTH - SKULL THRU GLASS  
 MUST LOOK ~~DECAYED~~ DECAYED  
 GIVE IT THE FULL TREATMENT -  
 PUT CUFF + SLEEVE ON  
 SKELETON HAND  
 CHANG GLASS TO GIBBY  
 IN GIRLS HAND.



NOW - REVERSE WHOLE COVER AND DO IT  
 THAT WAY -

DO THIS  
 ONE FIRST



OKAY!



CHAMBER OF  
CHILLS

TALES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE!

No. 19  
SEPT.

# CHAMBER OF CHILLS

10c

MAGAZINE

HERE'S LOOKING  
AT YOU, DARLING,  
ON OUR  
HAPPY  
ANNIVERSARY!









THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™



# HAUNTED HORROR™

#1  
\$3.99



*Haunted Horror* #1, Oct. 2012. From *Chamber of Chills Magazine* #19, Sept. 1953. Art: Warren Kremer and Lee Elias. Harvey.



IF HENRY MASON  
THOUGHT THAT THE  
PAYMISTRESS WAS  
BEAUTIFUL, HE  
HADN'T MET....

# The WAGE- EARNERS



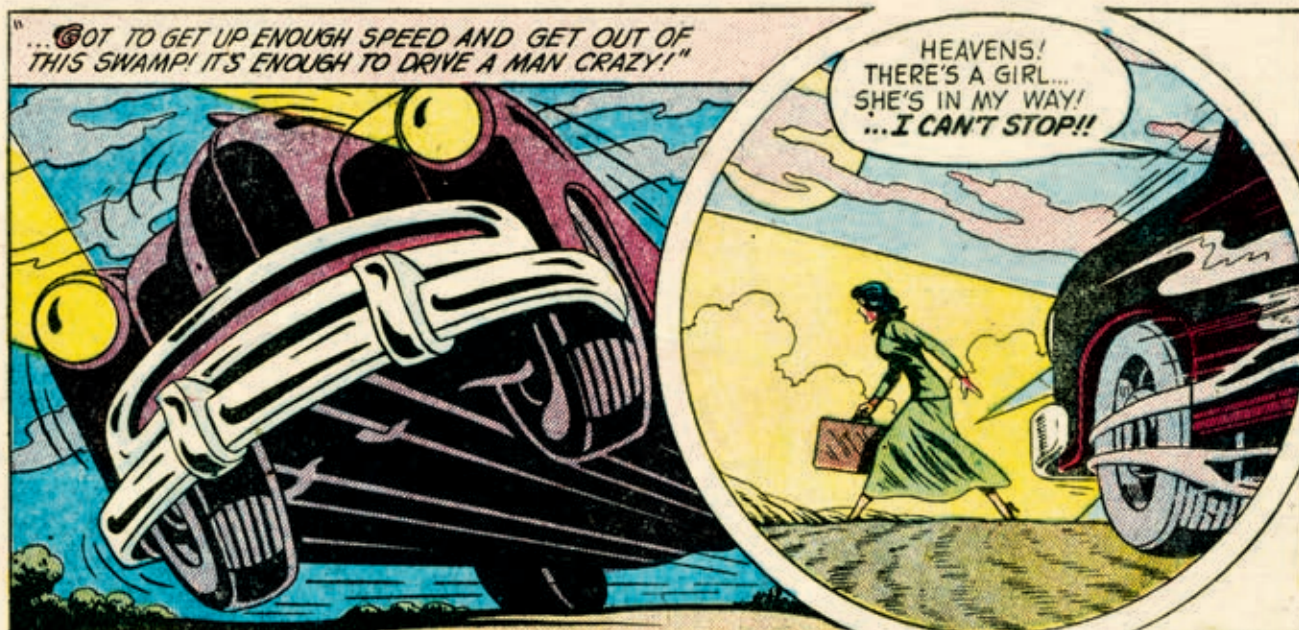
THIS PLACE GIVES  
ME THE CREEPS!



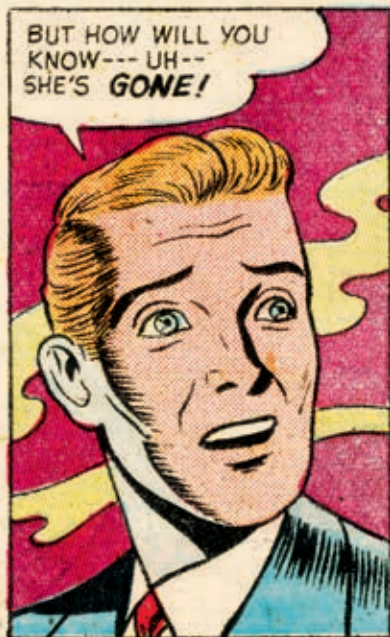
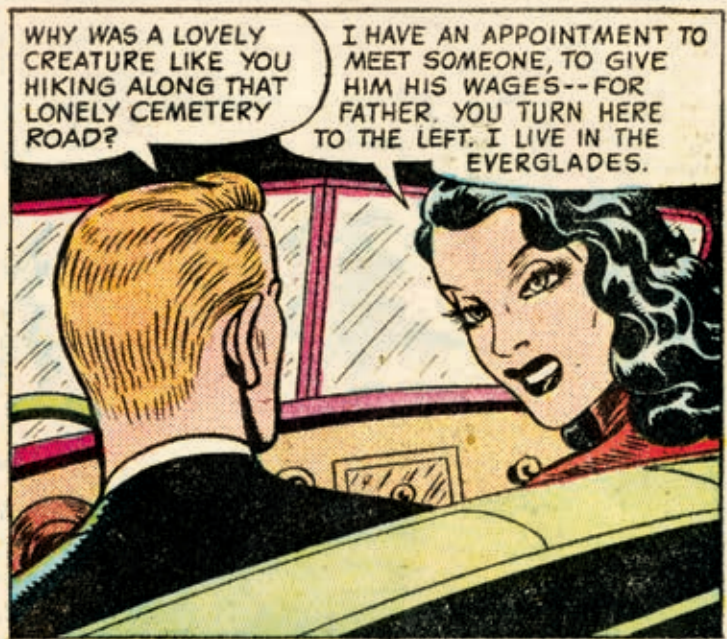
THERE'S AN EERINESS  
HANGING IN THE AIR THAT  
I DON'T LIKE! SOMETHINGS  
WRONG! I CAN FEEL IT!





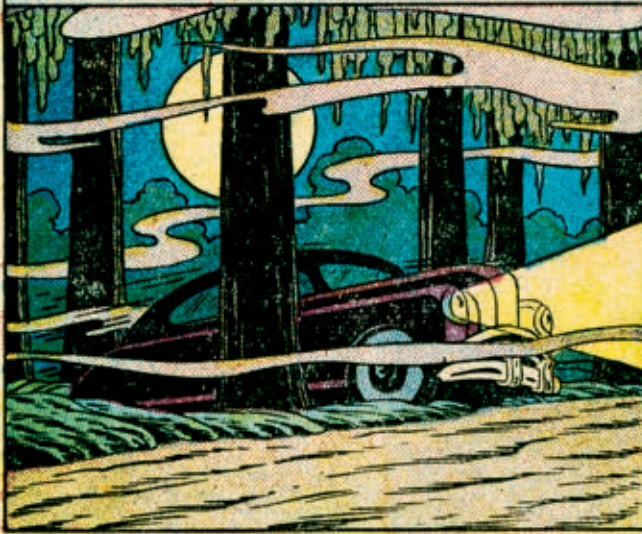




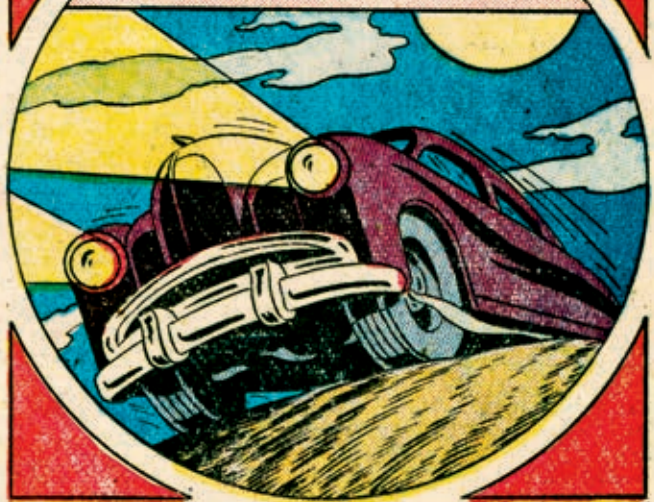




TURNING THE HUGE CAR BACK TO THE HIGHWAY HENRY MASON AGAIN HEADED TOWARD HIS DESTINATION. EVILNESS WAS ALL AROUND HIM.



AN EVILNESS WAS HIS COMPANION AS HE DROVE TOWARD AN UNSUSPECTING BUT WORRIED FIANCEE!



BUT LITTLE DID HENRY MASON SUSPECT THAT EVILNESS WAS DESTINED TO BE HIS UNDOING, EVEN THOUGH IT SAT BESIDE HIM AND WAS IN HIS HEART DURING THE LONG RIDE.



HERE AT LAST. NOW FOR THE DIRTY WORK!



BUT EVEN AS HENRY MASON RANG THE DOORBELL TO CALL ON HIS TRUSTING DATE, HE SENSED A SINISTER FEELING THAT OVERPOWERED HIM...



CASTING HIS FEARS TO ONE SIDE... HE ENTERED THE HOUSE!

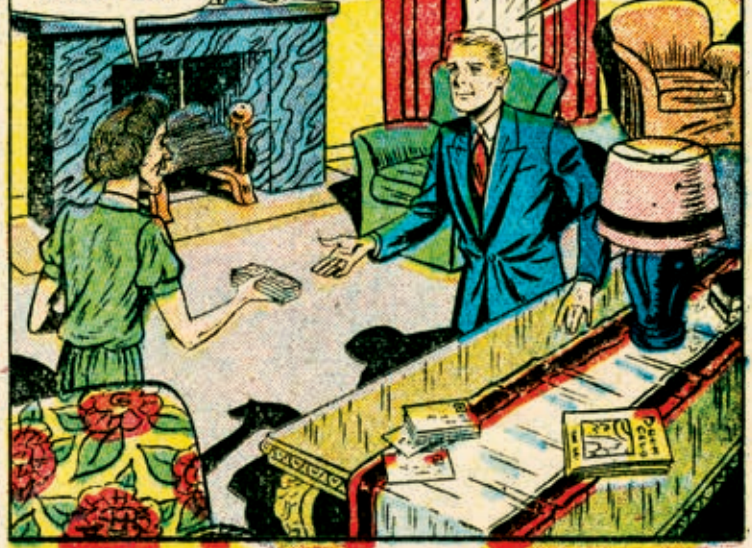
OH, HENRY, I WAS SO WORRIED WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME!

I WAS DELAYED, DARLING. IS EVERYTHING READY?



I'VE DRAWN ALL MY MONEY FROM THE BANK, DEAREST. HERE IT IS!

GOOD! AND THE CARDS?





YES, I HAVE THEM ALL HERE! LISTEN TO THIS: "DEAR COUSIN BLANCHE: HENRY AND I ARE SO HAPPY! WE ARE SPENDING A FEW DAYS AT NIAGARA FALLS!"



IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS -- YOUR SUGGESTING THAT WE WRITE ALL OUR CARDS BEFORE LEAVING, DEAR! NOW WE CAN SPEND EVERY MINUTE OF OUR TIME TOGETHER!



THEN LET'S GO, SWEETHEART. IF YOU WANT YOUR OLD FAMILY PASTOR TO PERFORM THE CEREMONY, WE'LL HAVE TO DRIVE ALL NIGHT TO REACH HIS PRESENT PARISH.

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!



IT'S ODD, HENRY, THAT HAVING LIVED AROUND HERE ALL YOUR LIFE, YOU SHOULD INSIST ON DRIVING BACK TO THESE SWAMPS TODAY!



I REALLY NEVER HAD TIME TO VISIT THEM, MY LOVE, AND THOUGHT I OUGHT TO BEFORE DRIVING NORTH. LET'S GET OUT OF THE CAR!

HERE DEEP IN THE SWAMPLAND, YOU CAN FEEL THE **POWER** OF NATURE!



IT'S ACTUALLY SPOOKY! I'D BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH IF I WEREN'T WITH YOU!

HENRY, YOU'RE PRESSING MY THROAT! HENRY, YOU'RE CHOKING--- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?--- HENRY!--



YOU GET THE IDEA!







TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH--A STACK OF POST CARDS TO THROW RELATIVES OFF THE TRACK! I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SEE MY LITTLE BEAUTY OF THE SWAMPS!



I KNEW YOU'D COME, HENRY. I WANT YOU TO MEET THE REST!

I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD.



HELLO, EVERY-ONE! THIS IS HENRY!

HENRY!

LET US FEEL HIM!

HENRY!



YES! FEEL HIM! FEEL HIM! THIS IS HENRY!

AWK!!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!



HERE, LET ME HAVE THAT, MY DEAR! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THESE SUB-HUMAN CREATURES!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM! THEY'RE JUST FATHER'S WAGE-EARNERS!!





THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™



MADAM CLIZIA

# HAUNTED HORROR™

#11  
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# MADAM ELIZIA



FOR ALL OF YOU, TORTURED SOULS, I BRING YOU ANOTHER HIDEOUS ISSUE OF HAUNTED HORROR. MAY THIS COMIC BOOK BE FOR YOU LIKE A RAY OF SUN FOR A... VAMPIRE!

Art by  
Drazen Kozjan



Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

**Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.**  
**Contributing Editors: Mike Howlett and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.**

Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Tillmann Courth, Bill Leach, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. Haunted Horror logo by Art Fuentes.

On the cover, *Mister Mystery* Vol. 6 #3, December 1946. Artist: Warren Kremer.

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# THE WITCHES COME AT MIDNIGHT!



THE FARM OF EZRA RAINEY WAS BEWITCHED! OUT OF THE BLACK VOID OF THE UNKNOWN, STRANGE AND DIABOLIC SHAPES CAME TO MENACE THE PEACEFUL FARMER AND HIS FAMILY! GRISLY TERROR STRUCK AT THEM WHEN THEY LEARNED THAT... "THE WITCHES COME AT MIDNIGHT!"

THIS IS REALLY THE STRANGE STORY OF JOEL RAINEY-- AND HIS PET ROOSTER!

NOW, PETER, YOU PAY ATTENTION! YOU DO IT RIGHT AN' I'LL FEED YOU LOTS OF CORN! READY, NOW!



PETER WAS VERY INTELLIGENT! JOEL HAD TAUGHT HIM LOTS OF TRICKS! LIKE THIS ONE, WHEN AT THE MAGIC WORD PETER WOULD CROW LUSTILY!

GAZAM!







GOOD BOY!  
HERE'S YOUR  
SUPPER!



THE WEIRD MANIFESTATIONS BEGAN  
ONE NIGHT WHEN JOEL WAS AWAK-  
ENED BY A SHUTTER BANSING AT  
HIS BEDROOM WINDOW! IT WAS  
MIDNIGHT!

WHA--Z  
CUCKOO!  
BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



IT WAS VERY ODD!

SAY, THAT WAS FUNNY!  
THERE'S NO WIND AT ALL  
TO MAKE THE SHUTTER  
BANG!

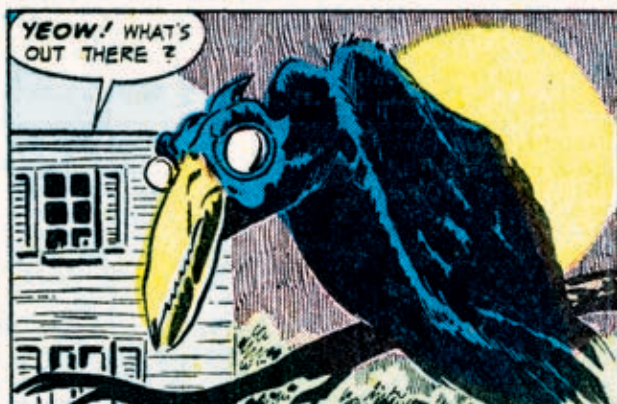


THAT WAS THE BEGINNING! IT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN  
JOEL. WHY SHOULD IT? BUT NOW THERE CAME  
ANOTHER NIGHT WHEN...

THERE IT GOES AGAIN!  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
OUTSIDE!

BANG  
BANG!

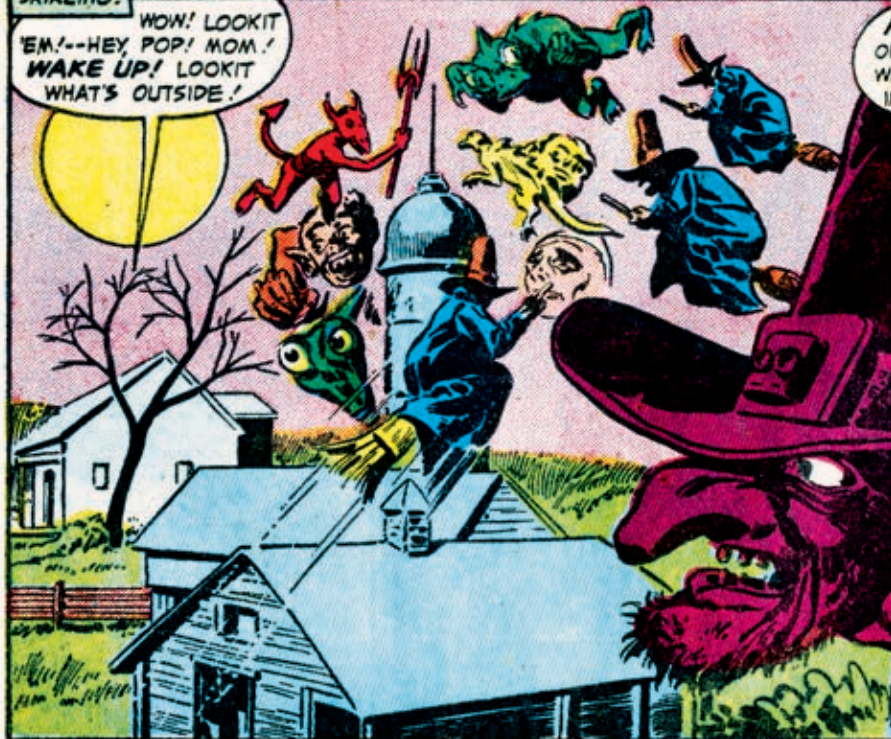
CUCKOO!  
CUCKOO!



YEOW! WHAT'S  
OUT THERE?

THEN IN THE SILENT BARNYARD, THE WHOLE UNHOLY CREW WERE VISIBLE! AND  
DOWN THROUGH THE LONG, PALE RIBBONS OF CLOUDS, THE WITCHES CAME  
SKIRLING!

WOW! LOOKIT  
'EM!--HEY, POP! MOM!  
WAKE UP! LOOKIT  
WHAT'S OUTSIDE!



JOEL'S YELLS AROUSED  
HIS PARENTS, BUT...

NOTHING'S  
OUTSIDE! YOU  
WERE DREAM-  
ING, BOY!

I WASN'T!  
I TELL YOU,  
I SAW 'EM!

YOU HAD  
A NIGHT-  
MARE, SON!





NATURALLY, JOEL'S PARENTS COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE TOLD THEM! BUT THE VERY NEXT NIGHT...



HEY! SOMETHIN'S GOIN' ON DOWN AT THE BARN!

MOOO! NEIGH!

HEY, POP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!



WHA--?

THEY RUSHED OUTSIDE, AND...



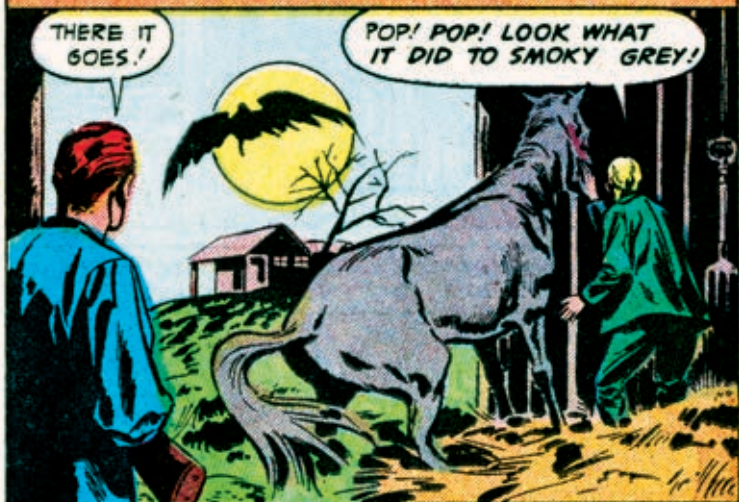
HEAR IT, POP? SOMETHING AT THE HORSES AND COWS!

A MARAUDER! WE'LL GRAB HIM!

THEN... LOOK, POP! THAT'S THE THING THAT BANGED MY SHUTTER LAST NIGHT!



THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO SHOOT IT! IN AN INSTANT THE WEIRD, CARGOYLE-LIKE SHAPE FLUTTERED AWAY! AND...



THERE IT GOES!

POP! POP! LOOK WHAT IT DID TO SMOKY GREY!

POP, LOOK! SMOKY'S HEAD IS ALL BLOODY! THAT--THAT THING CHEWED AN' CLAWED.. POOR SMOKY! TAKE IT EASY, GIRL!



WAS IT A BUZZARD? BUT I NEVER SAW A BUZZARD LIKE THAT!

FARMER RAINEY STILL WOULDN'T BELIEVE IN THE UNKNOWN! BUT IT SEEMED TO JOEL THAT MAYBE PETER UNDERSTOOD!



SOMETHIN' AWFUL QUEER'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE, PETER!





**BUZZARDS & VULTURES & THEIR VOICES CROAKED AND SCREAMED! THEIR FIERY EYES GLARED WITH UNHOLY LIGHT AS THEY ATTACKED!**



THEN, AT LAST...  
THERE THEY GO!



I-I'M SO FRIGHTENED!

WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT IN THE MORNING! JOEL, GO TO BED NOW!

AW! WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! BUT I'M TELLING YOU...



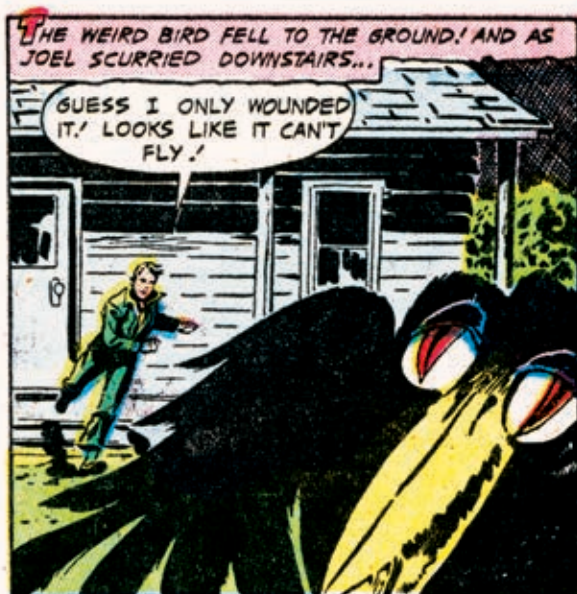
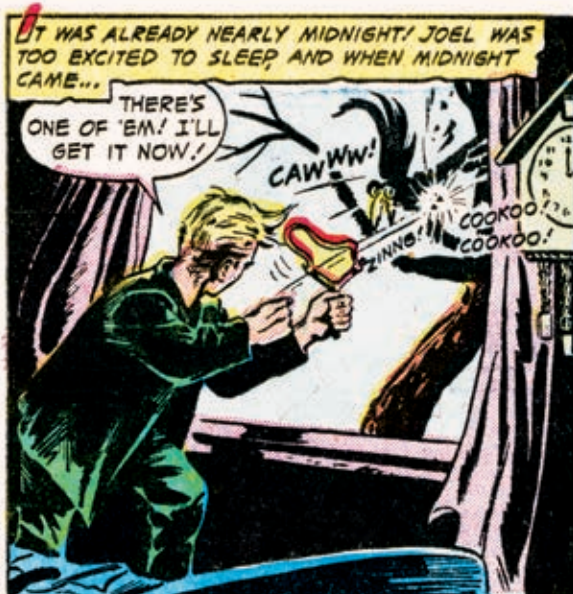
**EZRA RAINEY WAS A HARD-HEADED FARMER! HE DIDN'T FRIGHTEN EASILY, AND HE FIGURED THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A RATIONAL REASON FOR EVERYTHING.**



**NOEL WAS PRETTY GOOD WITH A SLINGSHOT! AND UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM...**









**THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™**

**THE WORST OF**

**EERIE**

**PUBLICATIONS**

**MIKE HOWLETT**  
INTRODUCTION BY **CRAIG YOE**



**THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™**

THE BEST OF  
**WORST OF**  
**ERIE**  
PUBLICATIONS



WRITTEN & EDITED BY  
**MIKE HOWLETT**

INTRODUCTION BY  
**CRAIG YOE**

PRODUCED BY  
**JASON WILLIS**



**IDW PUBLISHING**  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA





**Dedicated to  
our friend  
Dick Ayers.**

**This is book #6 in The Chilling Archives of Horror Comics™ by Yoe Books!™**

**□ Book #1 is *Dick Briefer's Frankenstein*.**

**□ Book #2 is *Bob Powell's Terror*.**

**□ Book #3 is *Zombies*.**

**□ Book #4 is *Jack Cole's Deadly Horror*.**

**□ Book #5 is *Haunted Horror Vol. 1: Banned Comics From the 1950s*.**

**Look for**

**□ *Howard Nostrand's Nightmares***

**□ *Tom Sutton's Creepy Things*.**

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The front cover and title page art is by Chic Stone. It originally appeared on *Terror Tales* V1 #8, May 1969. The endpaper illustrations are by Bill Alexander.

ISBN: 978-1-63140-114-5

17 16 15 14 1 2 3 4

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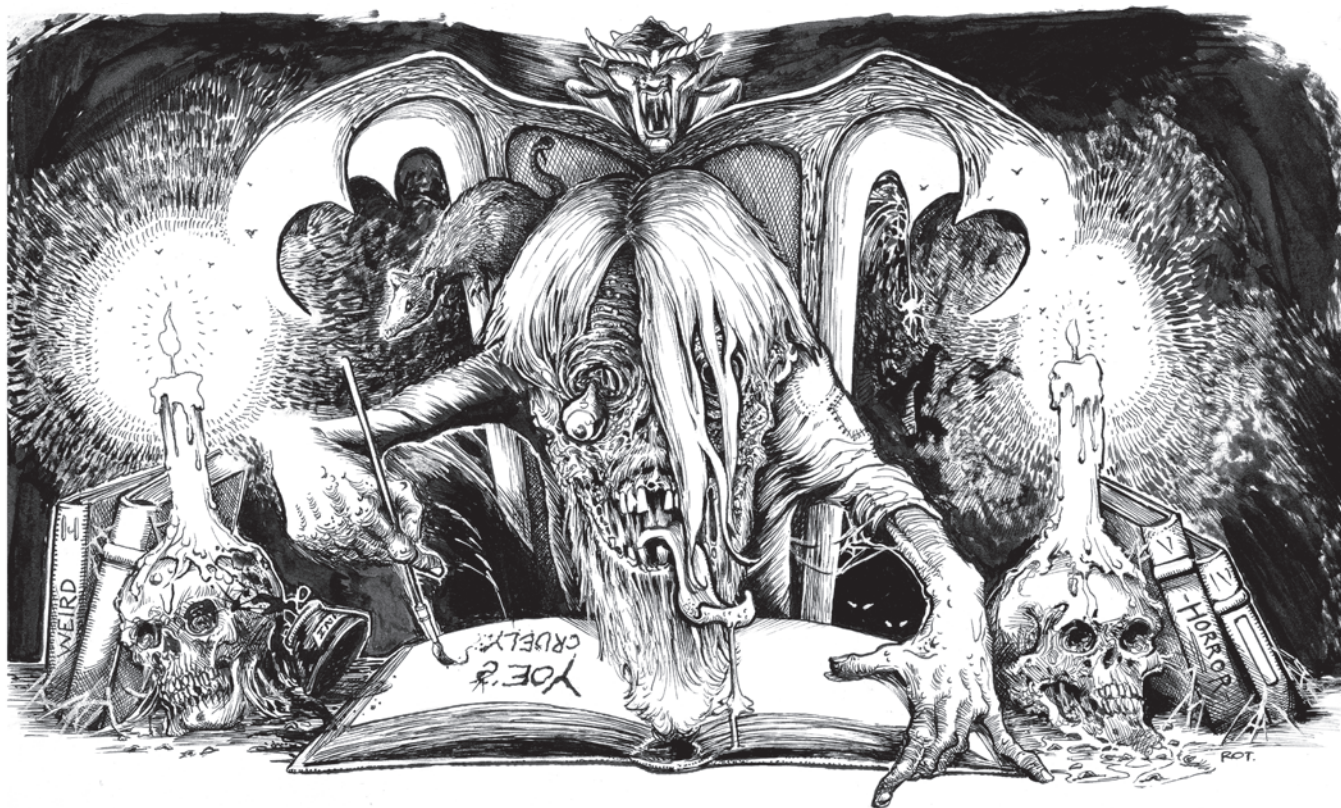
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## BURN THIS BOOK!

3



**TOP** Forelock the Warlock, a.k.a. Craig Yoe. Illustration by Eric "ROT" Engelmann.

**ABOVE** A pair of Bill Alexander covers: *Weird* V3 #3, July 1969, *Terror Tales* V2 #6, Nov. 1970.

**RIGHT** Dick Ayers' splash panel for "A Corpse for the Coffin."

It's stupefying that these comics appeared "Post-Code."

"Pre-Code" comics were comic books that appeared before anti-comics advocates like religious groups, PTAs, and self-appointed arbiters of morality preached that comics corrupted the youth and got the horrific fare sanitized for our protection.

A Comics Code Authority was formed by the remaining publishers who survived what could be ironically called a bloodbath. Publishers, editors, writers and artists dropped like flies when the Senate investigated comics' relationship to 1950s juvenile delinquency.

This self-censoring publishers' organization stamped their seal on comic books, and virtually all newsstands and candy stores, to protect themselves from vigilantes, wouldn't carry a comic without this logo burned onto the upper right hand corner.





**RIGHT** Larry Woromay's "Mechanical Monster" feels the heat.

**BELOW RIGHT** Seal of The Comics Code of Authority.

**BELOW** An Alexander ghoul.

But there were publishing rebels who evaded the Code, like E.C. publisher William Gaines, who, at the time, switched his color *Mad* comic book to a larger, black and white magazine drawn by some of the artists who had illustrated his horror comics. A decade later, Jim Warren published *Creepy* and *Eerie*, black and white magazines that used former E.C. artists like Wally Wood, Johnny Craig, Al Williamson and Frank Frazetta. These first amendment advocates (and greedy capitalists) avoided having a bad code.

Somehow, horror in small, color comics for the kiddies were deemed BAD and had to be burned and banned. Slightly larger comics, like *Mad*, printed in black and type set and sans speech balloons were for a slightly older audience and if not GOOD, these comics were at least somehow acceptable.

Apparently the distributors and parents bought into this in the case of *Mad*. By the more liberal '60s, when Warren comic magazines appeared (with—GASP!—hand lettering and those speech balloons floating above ghouls' heads), people apparently just didn't care. Do your own thing, man!

But what makes these comics collected in *The Worst of Eerie Publications* by the deranged Mike Howlett shocking for any and all time is that they ARE beyond the pale. They SHOULD have been censored! As you will see, the *Eerie Pubs'* cheap Warren knock-offs pushed way past the boundaries of good taste and into the realm of the revolting! Publisher Myron Fass cranked up the gore and the sleaze and found his place in the horror market. The leader of the anti-comic charge, Dr. Fredric Wertham, if he had seen this drek, would have pooped his tight-assed pants.

And I hope YOU, dear reader, are wearing brown pants when reading this book to avoid social embarrassment!







**ABOVE** Chic Stone's mind-bending cover for *Weird* V3 #2 (May 1969).

**BELOW** The tasty treat that became our cover. *Terror Tales* V1 #8 (May 1969). Another Chic Stone masterpiece.

Really, maybe these comics **SHOULDN'T** be seen by ANY eyes, young or old. Eerie Publications didn't have the incredible draftsmen of either E.C. or Warren (though artists like Dick Ayers and Chic Stone make stupendously damn good comics).

Forget the Comics Code! Myron Fass, the original publisher of this stomach-turning fare, apparently had **NO MORAL CODE WHATSOEVER** AT ALL!

Book burners rise up again! Bring on the matches and gasoline! Start the bonfire!

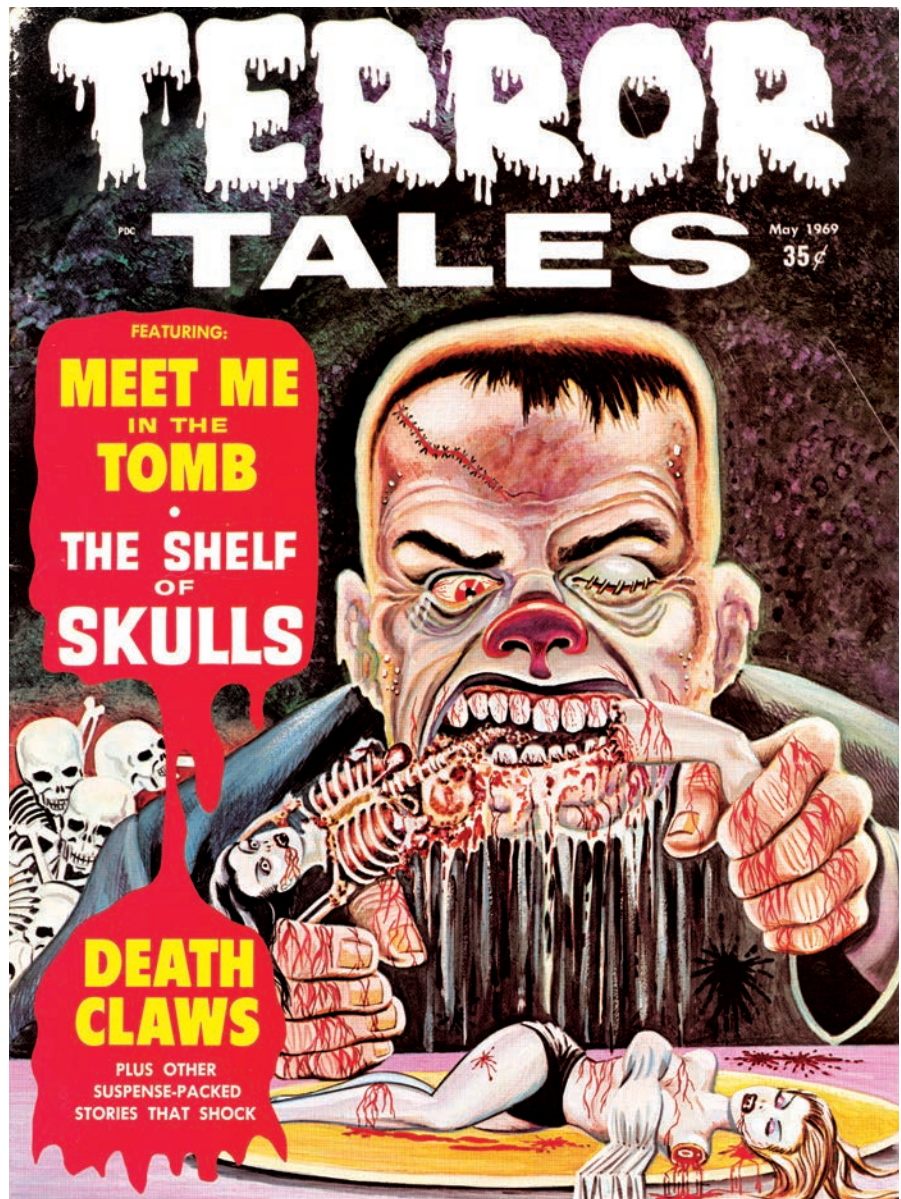
These disgusting "comics" are beyond gross!

These repugnant "comics" are beyond good taste!

They are beyond anything any right-thinking, upstanding, decent person would print!

And here I am,

—Craig Yoe, *New York*











## THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE EERIE!



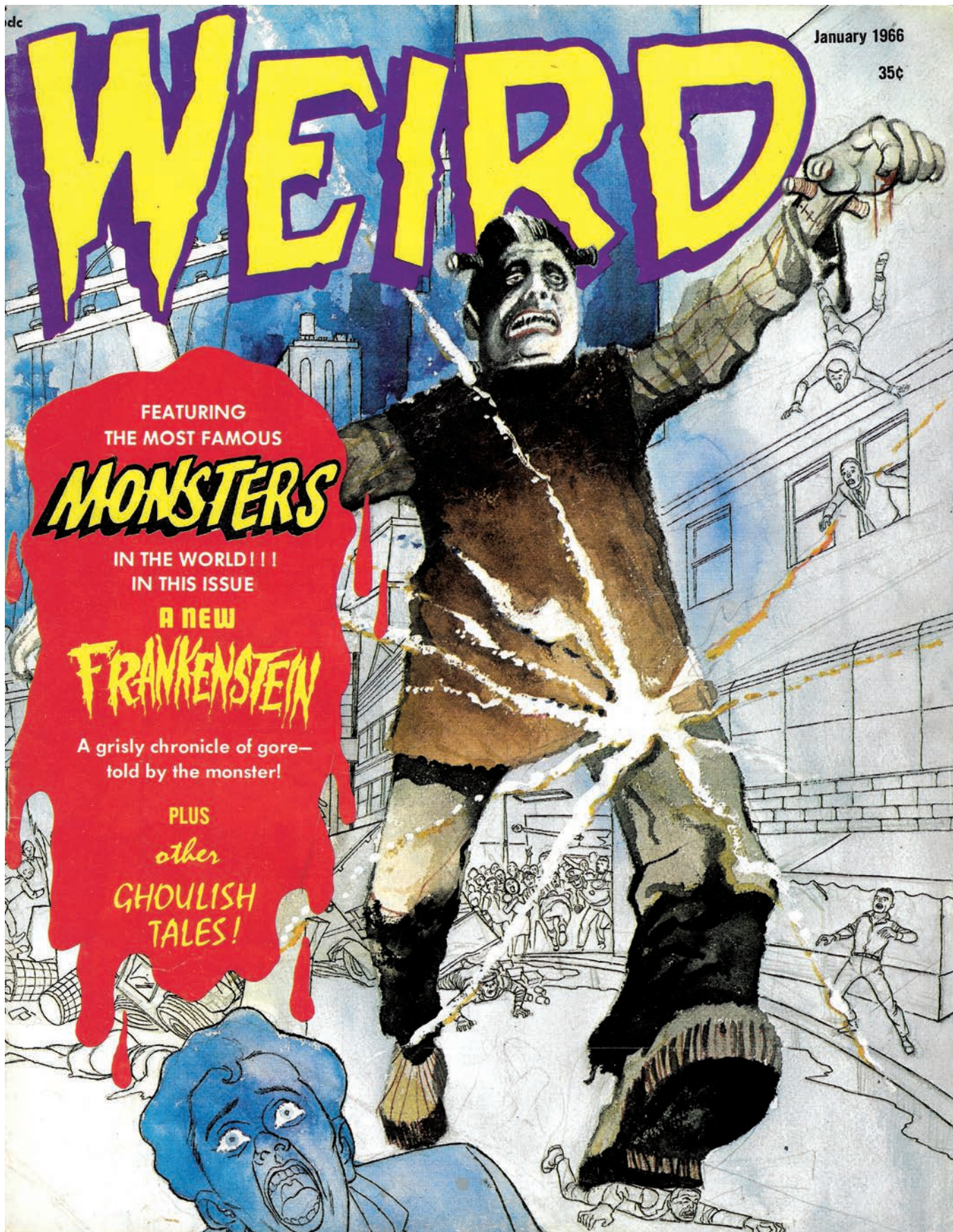
erie Publications came into existence for one reason: to cash in on the popularity of Warren's *Creepy* magazine.

James Warren's publishing company had hit pay dirt in 1958 with *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, a magazine that was absolutely devoured by monster lovers of all ages. After a few test runs with horror comics in another one of his publications, *Monster World*, Warren introduced *Creepy* in 1964, in magazine format so that no "Comics Code" validation was needed. (True horror comics had pretty much been absent from the newsstand since the implementation of the Comics Code. The Code was a means of self-regulation that cleaned up and homogenized the industry, much to the disappointment of horror and crime fans.) In *Creepy*, glorious black-and-white illustrated horror was making comic fans happy again with some of the best writers and artists in the field... and making Warren some money.

**TOP LEFT** Our pistol-packin' publisher, the one and only Mr. Myron Fass.

**TOP RIGHT** Our Eerie Editor, Golden Age legend Carl Burgos. Photo courtesy of Susan Burgos.





**ABOVE** Ready or not, here they come! The slightly unfinished cover to *Weird* V1 #10 (Jan. 1966), the first Eerie Pub! Art by Carl Burgos.





Myron Fass was a publisher, too. His stock in trade was jumping onto a hot trend and riding on the coattails of successful magazines with low-cost imitations. He had done humor, scandal sheets, nudie magazines and many other genres under the umbrella of Country-wide Publications and he always turned a profit. Being an old comic artist himself (and one who specialized in the horror genre, at that), it is no surprise that he was the first publisher to glom onto Warren's success. He had a way to compete while putting very little of his own money or imagination at stake.

One of his partners for this new venture was Robert W. Farrell, a longtime publisher himself, who had stacks of stories left over from his 1950s horror comics. His company, Ajax/Farrell, had published some of the most gloriously wacky tales of the Pre-Code era and he had hundreds of them on hand to reprint right away. Fass also had a loyal editor in his ranks: Carl Burgos, comic book pioneer, creator of the original Human Torch and more recently, disgruntled ex-Marvel Comics employee who was embittered by the industry. Fass offered Burgos a chance at freedom: a chance to do what he wanted. Together, they cooked up the Eerie Publications line of horror comics.



**ABOVE RIGHT, LEFT** Carl Burgos spot illustrations, almost making the text stories worthwhile.

**BELOW** A potpourri of 1950s Ajax/Farrell comics.

Originally, Fass, Farrell and Stanley Harris, Fass's business partner, wanted to entitle their *Creepy* knock-off "Eerie" but Warren beat them to the punch and landed the title for his own magazine first. In what was probably a moment of spite, the Countrywide crew named their new horror-comic imprint Eerie Publications and their new magazine was called *Weird*. With a new Burgos cover (that looks unfinished!), a new "Frankenstein" story (also drawn by Burgos), and







**ABOVE** An Ezra Jackson illustration for the text story "House of Worm."

**BELOW** Ezra Jackson unleashes his trademark ripped cheek in "Man-Beast" in a completely redrawn panel.

seven of Farrell's reprints, the debut issue of *Weird* cost almost nothing to put together and hit the newsstands in late 1965. *Weird* chugged along for a couple of years using a very simple formula; a bright, garish cover (usually featuring multiple monsters, scantily clad women, and crazy action) and a handful of Farrell's reprints inside. Farrell himself left the crew after just a few issues, leaving the Ajax reprints and the publishing chores in Fass's capable hands. The Ajax stories were being shaded and inked to look more like Warren's product and often had some extra blood drawn into the artwork to appease the jaded '60s gorehounds. In fact, by late 1967, the Eerie crew had hit upon their gimmick: Gore!

By mid-1968, when *Weird*'s sales had been good enough to warrant a sister title (*Tales from the Crypt*, which became *Tales of Voodoo* after one issue, for obvious reasons), the blood-gates really opened and Eerie Publications hit their stride. Beheadings, acid baths, dismemberment and white bones poking through tender pink flesh: these were the comics that launched a million night-

mares and just as many lunches. By mid-1969, four (!) new titles were introduced (*Horror Tales*, *Terror Tales*, *Tales from the Tomb* and *Witches' Tales*); they were all interchangeable with each other and were assembled on the cheap, but they were a welcome and gory alternative for the customer. The reprints got even grislier when Golden Age veteran Ezra Jackson was brought in as art director to manage the sickening sextet. With the Ajax/Farrell reprints, he redrew panels, added blood, gore and, his trademark, ripped-open cheeks. The Eerie Pubs had found their nasty niche in the market.





**RIGHT** Eerie Publications Art Director Ezra Jackson. Photo courtesy of Erica Lee Carter.

**BELOW** A Dick Ayers commission from 2005. Said the artist, "I enjoyed every brush stroke."

The nauseating, colorful covers were painted by Burgos, Bob Powell, Chic Stone (who was moonlighting for Eerie while inking Jack Kirby's pencils for Marvel Comics) and, by 1969, Bill Alexander, a fetish artist who was new to mainstream comics. Later that year, Stone began contributing interior stories as well. The decision was made to include more new stories along with the reprints, stories that would be gorier, and the Eerie Crew courted a few former colleagues to be new recruits. Another Kirby inker at Marvel, the great Dick Ayers, was reluctant to do

the gore at first, but agreed to it after seeing Sam Peckinpah's film *The Wild Bunch* at Fass's urging. Ayers became a real favorite: the artist with a penchant for popping eyeballs and lolling tongues. Atlas Comics veteran Larry Woromay also found a home for his Jack Davis-esque horror style. Other new art was brought in from Argentina. Agents in New York procured scripts from Burgos and shipped them down to studios in Buenos Aires, where many talented artists relished the work and the chance to get their art seen in the USA.

So, where did those scripts come from?

With very few exceptions, the stories were culled from the Pre-Code horror comics of the 1950s. Burgos simply photocopied pages from old comics and presented them to the artist, with instructions to make them gorier or more prurient. The captions and word balloons were copied (though occasionally Burgos edited out text from some of the more verbose yarns) and a new title was created. Hundreds of stories were done this way and for years, nobody knew they were reading recycled tales of horror. Of course, Eerie kept their pilfering to the more obscure (and defunct) publishers of the '50s; E.C. and Atlas (Marvel) comics had no stories "borrowed" as both companies were going strong. Harvey, Comic Media, Ace, Gillmor, Fawcett, Story and other publishers were hit hard, though; over 500 stories were redrawn by the Eerie stable. Some artists took the stories off in wild new directions while others (like Cirilo Muñoz, a talented Argentine who might have had a language barrier and Carl Burgos himself, who had no such excuse) kept to the original layouts, practically copying the original artwork.

